

# CROSSS WIRE

The Band Out of Time and Space

BLANK

REALM

&

BED

WETTING

BAD

BOYS

HAVE PLAYED

A

GOOD

SHOW

PLUS

TIME

PIOUS

CRUMP

SECRET

MACHINE

FAULTS

BEARDO BAN

NO END 4 GLAN

SOCIAL  
LABOUR  
UNION

FEEDBACK

FORMATION  
CHALLENGE

THE BAND OUT OF TIME AND

SPACE WERE TALES THAT MISS

MAE



This one WILL do

## HELLO DO YOU MIND IF WE HAVE A CHAT

### CRUMP EXPOSED (a while ago)

He lives on the Gold Coast. He's some dude, who makes pretty and sad music. He's just trying to do the right thing by family and get by in life and give something to the kids (us), and thinks no-one gives a shit. Some of em do, but no big deal kinda. He still writes good writing either way. Still a bit of a mystery

### Leeching off the HC energy of Pious Faults (old article)

Conceptual hard shell soft core hard core soft shell they pack, a pat on the back. A wholesome pat on the back and a smile. But not eating any shit as their righteous (not navel gazing \*self\* righteous) name suggests. There are stories and indictments but not rules. Never lose your spirit, but don't abuse your youthfulness with a burden of arrogant mould-fitting. Imagine hardcore with shirt off and an asthma puffer falling out of energetic frontman's pocket, and a boy with a (presumed) ironic aluminium foil hat drumming. It's not a joke but it's not serious *hard core* either. I mean from what I have heard it's the fast and tight convention which at first I was like 'ah ok' but it's all in the nuance and also your own openness to what at a brief glance seems like it's niche stuff for spritely youths. Wise lyrics, integrity, I can see. Not that I'm much older or wiser than them, just that I thought my days of wriggling around my room to Discord compilations (may) have passed. And I had noticed the Discord band's, or the broad genre's, and my own, literal faults of piousness. In fact this whole zine is grappling with my pious faults. I guess these guys are also dealing with their apprehension, excitement and relative youthful innocence dealing with music crowds and the adult world in general too. No wonder Tom likes the zine. It isn't a militant flaunting of fitness and ideology - see Warnock endorsed Useless Body. Sure it's aberrantly energetic. Good. Be young, be humble, use that little body you were gifted with no-one looking down on you. *Never, lose your spirit!*

The toughest, scariest social workers, nurses, Centrelink officers, teachers, academics, lawyers, homeless people, depressives, protective single parents, and so on would like to have a chat with persons they have identified as being pivotal in decisions that reduce the ability of other people to acquire necessities and basic freedoms of living.

Equal respect (ie recognition as someone you could talk to face to face, as banal humans) is applied to these decision makers by default. At the moment they are shown a lot of respect by default, AND not much at all by default because they have some special, detached communication lines and modes for us to be versed in to even get to them, and get to the people closest to them, and even see them as the same as us

The internet was supposed to have revolutionised it, with Twitter and all but can you imagine if social workers operated on Twitter? Domestic violence specialists tweeting to perpetrators about patriarchy? There is no special class of people who respond to rational argument and pithy comebacks and moral petitions, while the lowest classes need barely imaginable (if you haven't seen it before) repeated, intensive, tactful, face-to-face intervention by teams of strategic, highly interpersonally attuned, authoritative professionals from a variety of health disciplines and intense experience in warzone-like situations. This is for, in most cases, a couple in which (usually) the woman has had her energy, time, and basic human freedoms sucked out of her in a process involving, for instance,

systematic isolation (physical or social confidence-wise), restrictions on money, suppression of self-expression, rationalising selfish benefit with pseudo-intellectual or moral bs, happily taking advantage of oppressive surroundings (Sparks song - "My parents say the world is cruel, I think that they prefer it cruel"), acting both weak/needy and dangerous, milking any tendency for humility and compassion (as strengths) or vulnerability and genuine needs, allowing the other's enjoyment and peace only in situations where they can sit down and feel like

the one in control at the end of the day, inducing self-doubt and lack of confident memory to escape accountability, demonstrations of anger or an increase in subtle, threatening cues, inducing a damaged attention span with hedonistic distractions or unrelated 'healtly' pseudo-solutions to the overall dysfunction, and a gradually escalating, emerging revelation of the underlying evil sickness and self-entitlement when the other partner stops making so many concessions. Ways of operating (tactics, as they call em – regardless if they're thought of like that by a perpetrator) become more sophisticated and/or more brutal until the risk factors for murder start to add up. The dictator is motivated and police brutality amidst cameras, the culturally deprived arm-linkers, the differences in exercise of will, the evidence sticks out, ignored by some as they duck their heads and go to work in the harsh snow, or in the heat, faces stoic and resigned. Then loopy and deranged, stay healthy, stay happy! Keep Calm Carry On etc. You See What Happens To Those Kinds of People \* Or they know, they do..

And there are a few, who would know what to say, would have the courage and clarity and evidence base or sheer ingenuity to really talk to those responsible, with the conviction and entitlement to speak, to get them where it truly hits and with logistical, detective-like realism, urgency, a bit of self-pride and enjoyment amongst it of course. Nah sorry, we're not gonna settle for your choice of least qualified couples counselling, we think about every last thing that affects the safety and self-agency of our client, our citizens, we see exactly the way you set things up. I'm not just going to talk to person deprived and assaulted, not just gonna teach her to cope I want to talk to YOU. YOU are responsible. Yeah you, you're one of them, I've systematically documented at all and found a pattern. Yeah like Charles Darwin. Anyhow im no social worker. Im just a writer, to nobody directly. Were part of an ecology. Going good I hope. Eventually, someone's gonna cross some boundary somewhere, rise up out of ocean of borderline mediocrity

Can we write Mr or Mrs. or Miss. Politician a letter via the secretary or 20 yr old rich kid assistant to effect possibly, generations of

ingrained behavioural, emotional, intellectual and situational habits, or, study journalism and aggressively network your way to some ever-shrinking media platform to hopefully talk to them for five high-pressure minutes, and even then maybe interrupted by a couple of over people and then cut off for a light relief guide dog puppy story interlude before your best comeback, like just once in your career, or maybe have to move to fucking Canberra or something and write policy documents and then maybe by that stage you'll get pregnant or a stomach ulcer from all the coffee or red wine poetry reading or whatever and feel like it's somebody else's job to confront, some young underground Aussie musician's written lyrics that are pretty much your thesis, or you've been workplace bullied into having no confidence. Oh I shouldn't be so negativistic, I have no direct experience with these at all – i'm sure there must be tactics to maintain a sense of originality and conviction up there in those distant offices somewhere. But where I imagine a strong critique coming from is people who have the authority (the social and intellectual and moral authority) and the personal tact and sincerity (can we have a chat?) to change the 'rules', the institutions, family by family, person by person, as they do currently with illness, unemployment, violence and so on.

To think, I've spoken to political types so politely and, I almost learned to speak to the most helpless people from a position of power and systematic, professional distance to -depending on the health or social organisation – produce social change, ultimately, somehow. Imagine if I had to walk up to one of those politicians who got liposuction as a clinical social worker in a hospital (i'd have to rebrand as a positive psychologist, or lifestyle support coach, or a nutritional and social assistant or some more rich ppl sounding thing, perhaps) and told them to stop eating so damn much because you keep coming in here – but in really tactful, indirect, collaborative, sensitive ways. And also I believe your behavior is harmful to others. You destroyed a whole bike path, spitting cyclist commuters right out on to this poorly signed intersection and someone almost died, I mean first you were defacing public property in the city with your hideous choice of public art and, enabling the economic abuse of generations by colluding to

keep house prices up and out of the range of the most needy of independent stability, I mean I could list all the stuff that goes against my professional and personal values... But what do I know, in the end, as I'm supposed to be humble and THEIR communication comes back down to us through the same impersonal, brief, artificial channels. I'd have to ask this politician about how they really feel and why, get to the crux of why their lifestyle and their decisions ended up like this and what the real reasons are, behind all the hard to penetrate, intellectual or rhetorical or blurted-under-pressure strategy. I'd see a human face but find a way to be assertive here too. I'd have to tolerate some bullshit, tolerate my emotional response, really think hard to be able to listen properly. I'd be the strong, kind person acting in the interests of everybody and in particular the worst off, doing what I think is best, my personal hatred aside. In the end I'm here because they've done something to effect others, because I'm meant to be the one with responsibility, ethics and insight into their behavior. They might not cooperate fully but the job's still there to be done. They're humans, not entirely rational beings after all, humans with common interests. Or, warped interests. But either way they should talk to us properly. What does *that* mean? NEXT TIME

### Soap Opera Semi-Illustration

Others derisive (on both sides), no, I CHOOSE this, this situation is fair and equal, I take responsibility for losing out. Plus I shoplifted a bikini once I'm no ~ angel ~, he lets me whip him too <3 tuff grl b rich someday. Why'd you choose a job like that? Why'd you choose a man like that? I bet you started it. Domestic – police – brutality – dont worry if ur a normal person rite? U can leave your job, you can say something, you can do whatever you want. “Isnt that right sugar daddy?” “That's right babe, we pride ourselves on diversity of opinion and freedom of speech here. You can grow up to be whatever you want baby ;) but you know u want me dont u.” “Yes daddy. Im only 26. I mean 21.” “Baby, how dare you lie on your resume! These and other things such as you sneaking out or bad mouthing me on social media make me feel like I cant trust you! It makes me angry, I feel betrayed and used!” “Sorry Daddy. I'll take personal

responsibiliy next time. I'll work harder and consider the way you feel. I don't get angry, I am perfect!” “Oh baby im so grateful for how you voted for me, how you chose my kitchen, my bed, my friends, my business school not like those people who dont know what freedom is.” “...Hey shouldnt you be going to work? You know im SICK WORRIED WORKING SO HARD THINKING ABOUT HOW TO MANAGE MY INVESTMENTS. I WORK SO HARD USING MY BRAIN, MY OWN INITIATIVE SO YOU CAN GET YOIUR FUCKING STUPID HIGH TEAS AND FUCKING FEMINIST ROLLER DERBY AND DOUBLE DEGREE IN BUSINESS AND “SOCIAL STUDIES” PROPAGANDA, YOU DAMN WELL BETTER GO TO THAT INTERNSHIP, I SET IT UP FOR YOU, GO ON GET OUTTA HERE. I GOT AN INVESTMENT PORTFOLIO U HAVE NO IDEA HOW IT WORKS. I HAVE TO KEEP US SECURE OKAY? ITS INTRICATE. NO I NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT STRATEGICALLY MAXIMISING CONTROL IN RELATIONSHIPS. YOU'RE A COMMODITY AND YOUR STOCK PRICE IS DROPPING? HOW DAR EYOU INSINUATE ID THINK THAT BABY. TERRIBLE. RUINED MY DAY. OH MY GOD YOU'RE JUST, TRYING TO MESS WITH MY HEAD, YOU'RE RUINING ME, YOU EVIL WOMAN, YOU SEE HOW UPSET I AM AND YOU JSUT STAND THERE. IT'S LIKE YOU'RE PREDICTING WHAT I WILL DO WITH THOSE STUDIES I DON'T KNOW ABOUT. LORDING OVER ME FROM A HIGH BUILDING WHILE I BECOME A FRAZZLED MESS, WITH A GUN IN YOUR POCKET. COME ON BABY. YOU'RE SO KIND. DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS... DON'T LEAVE ME WITH NOTHING...”

eurgh where do I go with that next

## TIME MACHINE 'LAST' SHOW 25/02/2018

No sleep, hot sun, crap singlet I may well have pulled out from the couch in lieu of bra, no socks, running to train station bag of zines under arm. I give up making the same train as Matt and ask how to get to Nambour and catch not the express train, but the one that stops for an hour. I fold zines, all relaxed and resigned, and overhear a mother and child talking about pain medication. I get off at Caboolture and, ask the lady at the booth when the Nambour train goes and where a recharge machine thing is and she says, "me! Me!" and I smile and she wipes away my card debt and puts the full \$20 on there. I stand around the grimy, overcast, town train station and forget what time she told me, or have the impression that I don't have much at all. I rush across to a McDonalds in an industrial complex type place, use their toilet, have a sense of pimply face teen familiarity and think, "I could get some food but have no time". Past the gate, walk diagonally cross a carpark and through a liquor warehouse drive thru and spend, about 10 minutes trying to think which alcohol to buy. I don't have to drive! Aha! Oh wait, wait, the order's mixed up. Before then I'd asked the nice lady at the booth what platform, and maybe someone else what time. Yes, I knew the time now, looking at my watch id proudly repaired with fishing wire! "Can I help you?" "oh um... oh actually do you have any tallies?" "Down the side there!" In the course of my bottle shop visit I picked up and put down 1. a 10 pack of ciders 2. possibly a bottle of white wine 3. possibly two boxes of wine 4. possibly some tallies 5. the 21 banrock station sav blanc I ended up buying, a little apprehensive about the cup situation but having a 2l pocari sweat bottle if desperate. Back at the station I stood around and people watched, especially a bunch of teens roughly 13, discussing bottle runs and mixing weed and tobacco and the logistics of doing it all. Mums sleeping, where's your house, one behind the school etc. After waiting a long time I got on the train, where Glen and Alex were carriages away, unbeknownst to me. The entertainment there was a little girl systematically showing every person the carriage how she could grab the chair handles on either side and pull her legs up over her head with animated effortlessness and

precision. "Do you want to see my flip? Do you want to see my flip? Do you want a high five?" I looked out the window when she got to me, not being bothered with it but her father, a kind older man, said, "Did you give this lady a high five? You can't miss this lady, you have to remember everyone." She gave me not one but about three high fives, up high, down low, with no sense of burdensome obligation. This entire spectacle and the rainforest settings made me tear up a bit. Nice to feel drained and romantic sometimes, you know, when I'm in a hurry so much. I'm a small person.

The passengers in front talked about the little girl. The beauty of innocence. One neatly-postured, ponytailed country looking girl in a neat striped shirt put pawpaw ointment on her lips and said she can't wait to have kids. You can't wait to bring other lives into this world. You've got younger siblings. Bright green subtropical lawns? Big stilted houses, ferns and trampolines, so on. Anyhow they all get off and I feel slightly ill. My water bottle smells like chlorine. I should eat. I get off, wave at Glen and Alex. Hi! They'd eaten chips.

Glen told a story of a man gazing defiantly at a power line with both hands on his hips, wearing pajamas. On the power line was a pet bird and next to the man was a bird cage. "Come on!" I can't remember what he was yelling at the bird but something pathetic.

No food yet. Entertaining the idea of napping. Say hello. Walk with friends to bottle shop. Buy six pack with Matt. Man buying Tawny says he hopes we have a good night whatever we're doing. Thanks, kind country man, you too.

Hmm, food, food. Uhh. Wander the empty Sunday streets of this town. Don't trust the empty subway. Wonder where that coles entrance is beyond that stretch of wall and indistinct industrial concrete bits which I could dramatise as a cubist painting with a jagged meth looking dude in vicinity. Crossed the road. Ehhh. Piss Pain playing. The crowd sitting on the bitumen outside the venue had dwindled, leaving half a pack of digestive biscuits! I grab one and eat it and feel instantly better. Wrote "IOU \$10 – (signed name)" with permission of door guy (or,

I did before). Beer! Matt got me a beer. Which I was too weak to open with his lighter durhh. Ah wait before then I'd got there for BIN LYCKA. Some real energetic, driving 80s stuff I instinctively wanted to move to, just a little bit, while sober and it sounded all fresh and energetic to my non-fucked youthful brain you know, this vigorous stuff in the subtropical town, backdrop of limitless wall collage of art and pop culture stuff. Costumes – bassist Declan in disposable raincoat and face makeup oddly flattering for a guy who works in a fluoro vest and has that look about him, it looked genuinely cool and nonironic. Summer on synth confidently, Shan facing away from the audience somehow shy when hes not warbling and growling centre stage and Michell vocals and other guitar. It sounded brutal, and later he said, that he finds it pretty stressful, like every show follows a hiatus, and they got Summer to operate the drum machine so he didnt have ot think about it all. So it sounds genuinely riled up but not like they BIN LYCKA is some serious rebellion centred around scaring neat freak mums with filth you know. I forget what the other name proposals were on the facebook status.

So, beer. You know how it goes, binge drinking on an empty stomach. You know how it goes, thinking like your free will can sustain your bodily strength in absense of biological necessities fed into it at regular intervals, like just this once because someone else did it This was one day I could drink, and alcoholics drink and do not eat, they drink, they can fight, they can stay up for days on end and if they can do it sure I can do it for just one day and I may have little tolerance and an ultimate ambiguity about this behavior but I may as well try here cause im okay right now, and these are friends playing in bands and I came here today from the sweaty humid concrete streets running lazily (or not so lazily) im not about to sit and eat McDonalds right. McDonalds aint helathy enough, need some vitamin c or something, I dunno felt a bit ill before. I feel fine with the beer though. Stand my ground, beside the rowdiest boys agaun. They were cute. I stood with my hands on my hips. Haha. Forget which set. Lying Down I think. Ayumi said hello and I gave her a hug probs in a slightly awkward slightyl over invasive way as social retard me is prone to do like forget where

to put my face and smell their hair. Anyway she was kind and enthusiasm rubs off on me when I see someone in a crowd all happy, who gives me a hug, like they replicate their energy and place it on me you know? So I started having a quite nice time, still mindful of the drinking, (no, no, I was being mindful) but uselessly mindful like an internal cig pack warning. The beer is raising my blood sugar and I feel better ha. Omg I should eat something, like who caress.

This is bringing me down to earth, this being tired and a little low, a bit useless. I didn;t even have my coffee or tea. Fuck my uptight, schedules, wired inclinations sometimes. All my ambitions. People are now being ncie to me, instead of my hyperactivity, my over-thiking. I failed a class in social work. Ayumi became my social worker. “Look into people's eyes, and they will know whether you will be helpful as a social worker or not,” she said while looking into my eyes. She liked fashion too much and likes her jbo too much to be a social worker. She is so kind. “if that's what you enjoy studying you can do it”. You know I probably could, but all in all im kind of let off the hook in a way if im not actually good at a helping sort of profession and ive come back to quiet, relaxed, sad-eyed me and im not so agitated about, are we doing enough? People are doing exactly what they can do according to their natures here, for the most part I think, and have good and earnest intentions. They like me! They say hello even when im a fucking idiot, nothing to say, a drunk, they look into your eyes, accept you into their group. Of course they do, they always did. But now I can look up to them, instead of feeling like I should be interestng or, always thinking, keeping my own train of thought. Im an empty head, fill me with this event, or a bit of a sad head, you can squish your way beside me pretty easily.

Kitchen's floor set with Tom from Rockinghorse on bass, Glen on drums (no Bobby this time). It's cooooooollld, in biiittter defeaat, it's cooooooooollld... Wine in beer bottles, canned beers, a girl called Jess's Jack Daniels and coke she shared after a beer was smashed, sharing wine with rowdy boys, PISS PAIN with Heidi Scaredy Snake moving round on the ground, Bura Bura electronic act Sydney guy last minute slot, while we sat in the car park. Gave a back

massage. Unbenknonst to me, a picture had been painted of me giving somebody a massage, and I didn't recognose that was the back of me in that picture. How wonderful.

I must reluctantly mention that, the revelations here are lining up with what the tutor who failed me said I wasn't doing, and should do – I was on my own train of thought and not connecting at their level. Well maybe I dont wanna connect on everyone's level, on their terms you know, maybe I save it for --- ah alright no slightly bitter ranting.

Then I think I met someone and thought they had the same name as me, but I can't exactly remember. She worked in an art gallery and looked a little sad usually. Then Tamara, who id chatted to once took me to theburger place where I finally, got a vege burger and chips, as she told me about some kind of agricultural studies and cage eggs. I stopped to meet a baby of parents I knew to a ismilar extent, who smiled at me, walked round to the carpark and thrust the meal into Matt's hands like it was a pile of vomit and lay down for the night (or so I had hoped). Now the rest of it, could be speculated, but I did get back safely and have not gotten drunk since, to date writing this. Oh and thank you to Colin from Bura Bura for kindly taking us back!

By the way the Time Machine is looking for the right buyer of their historical relic + curiosity shop, music venue, accumulative work of art and cafe and carpark combo. Time Machine Currie St. Nambour

## **BANNED BY BEARDED LADY 23/02/2018**

Alex G. reporting from the venue

another rainy one tonight! beardo flooding kind of

ooh, from the back?

from the toilet walls and like under the stage  
glen is so pissed off the sound guy fucked up his set then didn't let him play

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shortest glen article  
and beardo article

it is a truly dank and cursed show

it was not a usual night  
scraps became slops  
glen schenau, glen sche-NO  
scheNO  
beautoful

## **Mark E. Smith**

Seemed half dead and half immortal alive, defined more by his work than what his flesh consisted off. Man made of texts and words inside all monochrome and aged dug up from ancient times but new for today. Somebody that intoxicated, that hardened was half dead for his work already, probably having near out of body experiences with all those psychosis-inducing extremities. But you can see him in your mind cackling like a witch, casting spells alongside his hardened, ex-military, foreman Dad's and working class man on the dock, at the pub man of the public structure. He was a skinny, boyish-looking man. He was a vulnerable man too if you listen to Living Too Late, Couldn't Get Ahead and so on - plenty of empathy for the weak. But always a kick up the arse alongside those lyrics. Let your brow go tense and face up like you're worth something equal, like you could be worth something equal, and who cares, it's a statement of fact who you are thus far, no matter the embarrassment. Go on, get outside yourself a bit. Move!

Now, he's not without his flaws. Prickly old man. You threw a glass of champagne at a Fat White Family member? They were getting TOO pointlessly self-affirming, too obnoxious, or maybe Mark E. Smith happened to have a bad day. I don't suppose *all* petulant rock star behavior (yes, old fashioned rowdy pub behavior,



but who could get away with it all in the same way?) is a manifestation of persistent, intelligent vision. What exactly happened there, though? And all those other places? Can't be sure.

Surely he didn't do it for rock star cliché vanity. I believe he had a profound, disciplined reason for existing and being a band. He said so very reasonably, that he believed it was important for The Fall to exist, and I believe it was. He suffered for it and he exploited it. The real reasons The Fall existed were the most noble reasons for doing anything. Using yourself, exploiting yourself as though his angst was not really his own or the ultimate problem. No shortcuts! No hiding!

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The tohne woulda been slightly differnet if I had my domestic violence and coercive control lectures a day before, perhaps. Still love mark e. smith though. This still worth publishing. I didn't mention the mindfuckery, the arrogance, and all those things that'd send him to a hell. (but which of you can throw the first stone? Ye who have not sinned...)

That seems a bit fucked, that coercive control/DV afternote, but, in times of great public tension, personal things like that get forgotten. I could write a book about some of your oppressive behaviors but I'd want you on my side in a war, and we'd still be the good side. How do I know? Well, I don't, not in terms of national or religious or class or political or cultural comparisons. It's just a feeling. It's something I should know, being the sheltered, religiously raised, ignorant, possibly autistic, guilt-prone person I am. Yeah, *God* told me. Or like, God as the idea of the human spirit and intuition, the subjective sense of proper balance and meaning through degradation and resistance and benevolent, vulnerable future visions. Or maybe I don't really know.

Now, Mark E. Smith is dead and you are all alive. I won't compromise his legacy. I could think about every 56, or whatever the number of his ex-members of the Fall was and try to comprehend it. I could think of his 10 000+ Fall fans (who can't be wrong) and think of their lives

and psychological states and varying convictions and strengths from listening to the Fall. I am unqualified to do that, though, and for my own life I retain some decent music, decent quotes and some cautionary tales for all you and me out there. And you know, he really did think he was just some dude, trying to survive and stick up for himself, he was not so vainglorious – just got the situations which beg you to act no other way. I'm sure he wouldn't have chosen to be decadent, to be snobbish, controlling, abusive and so on. He'd be on our sides. I miss the man.

He made my forehead tense up, he made me feel like I could think more, that I could enjoy thinking and being a bit tense, a bit strange, a bit demented and in the wrong city. My face was missing something that some other women had, that made them seem more world-wise, more intelligent. I started to get it, that I had to think more, and care more. Caring but critical, bit weird, detached and attached different ways and strengths to the usual time/place ones.

### **BWBB + Blank Realm Phoebe Paradise on a Sunday afternoon**

It's really hot and it stinks (I stink) and im walking down the road with my housemate picking dumpers off the road (fun lil game, and the closer you get to the Valley, the more likely you are to find empty ones) and I saw 1/3 of a bottle of Jim Beam under a tree, with glad rap over the top. "Oh!" we said and picked it up. "I wouldn't do it," I said. It smelled kinda oily or something. It ended up back in the street outside the venue. The sweaty, sweaty store surprisingly free of merchandise, except for a painted Phoebe Paradise backdrop, glittery streamer things and a mix of socks with artoon cigarettes on them, somehandpainted leather jackets of liesurely, self-contented attractive women with buck teeth, acne, chubbiness and all included. A relaxed, sunbaked grotty kind of cool, nice and functional context with a couch and all. Cheers for that. Must admit that I was skeptical seeing a launch thing on facebook and it triggered a non-specific rant (in issue 14.5) about little indie store brand hype business culture distraction etc. etc. You know, I thought the concept of brand launch



seemed a bit snooty? But, I must say my appreciation for this little shop & what it represents has grown substantially since my bad mood knee jerk reaction to faceook (wonder if they'd paint a shirt with someone sneering at their logo?). The sun logo is pretty pissed of looking. Thanks for hosting a good show.

So Blank Realm played first. Sarah Spencer's glitter tops and smiles very kind. Siblings and soul brother. Glittery, complex, subtly political and angsty, an escape to thoughts and dreams. Always a bit of unforced weirdness in the pop songs. Innocent and mature, cartoonish and real... ah I always use these paradox kind of things but I'm not saying nothing am I? They're good, one of the first Bris bands I heard.

I'd invited my high school friend there, the one id sit in the back of English class with our linux laptops and be weird and a bit disgusting actually, and you'd hear the bongo Ubuntu start up sound. My lack of computing and maths skills (despite his attempts to teach me), and my taking of punk rock too seriously, amongst other things led us on very different trajectories. So now I got to show hi the life I lead. I open my Repressed Records tote bag to reveal a bag of wine. "Want some?" "Is that goon? I love goon", he said. I then tried to pour it into a beer can for lack of cups and in a wild, magical coincidence, somebody in front of me had a coffee cup that was layered on to his other coffee cup! So I could offer my gentleman friend wine out of a proper cup. We then got lots of beers, which afforded the opportunity to demonstrate the party trick of opening them with lighters.

BWBB started playing and, with great social charm I walked up to say hi to a Caspar who'd walked in with his Repressed bag too! "Look! Look, everybody" I pointed at his bag's logo, and then at mine, and then Glen at Nic Warnock through the crowd. "We have the bags from the man's shop who is playing, at the front, from Sydney". "Look!" I smiled.

Bed Wettin Bad Boys that's right up your alley eh? I nudged, aren't they great? You graduated from hacking the school network (which may have consisted of changing the screensavers to dinosaurs for all I know) and hosting a website

called Outraged Society to software development jobs and stable existence, and I graduated from writing the only story there, to writing this. You liked a lot of rock music but you settled down a bit, no more emo. Smith St Band Operate along political party lines and the city is full of cynicism. Isn't this just very decent? Both bands happen to contain siblings too. I remember you had siblings.

Well I Think, BWBB and Blank Realm are the perfect intro to 'weirdo' underground music. Solid in band and life establishment and original, mature integration of angst and subtle detachment from "rock music!"

Didn't ask my friend what he thought but he stuck around for ages. I waved at BWBB driving away to the airport and Spencer soul brother Dan said Sydney people don't wave, but one of em did. :-) what a nice Sunday show.

Oh and the Yummo is way better than the Bruno for karaoke now ;)

TIME MACHINE

**Filler Tues**

**I Pulled it out of my arse**

You know how there's Russian troll farms, yeah? Well you know every major publication could have analysts carefully pumping out news with all the themes, all the tones, all the aesthetics planned in reaction to, and in competition with a lot of other info sources. But this kind of operation, with any real specificity and not just plain, mundane, conniving manipulative bitchiness, would require access to knowledge that is updated in real time and would be very expensive. The methodological flaws of using call centre interviews, surveys and existing research are semi-obvious.

Even big data has its limits. The info and stimuli is all over the place and the comments are like, a pigeon pecking repeatedly at the ground without any apparent aim but to get the seed, click clic, peck peck, tunnel vision. Don't get me wrong, the utility and profound privilege of accessing and analysing that data, those comments and messages (wait wait, didn't facebook ones used to be called 'private messages' at some point? are they still?) is probably actually understated.

You need something else, if you're not capable of statistical data interpretation wizardry, simultaneously with the 'soft skills' (social, cultural understanding), the cultural nuance, linguistic and social insights about who you're learning about. You need a simpler, more controlled condition for a test of how the media and intellectual landscape is interpreted, by more or less ordinary people who are willing to tell you all about it from their state of youth or lack of power, talking or writing at great length. People who are willing to read and view a fairly representative spectrum of texts and respond to them at length, under a variety of psychological conditions (but mainly anxiety or frivolity and fantasies of self-importance). They need... students and academics.

Where do all the essays go? Why do you think, that there is a database where essays across the world are uploaded? Plagiarism? Is that a front? Why, are these tutors and academics so willing to accept this insult to their ability to see proof of progress in their own students and discern

what looks legitimate, and what does not? At what point did they surrender that level of involvement and decide that their and their student's intellectual labour should be turned in to a central database?

Well, roughly concomitant to this centralisation and automation of trustworthiness monitoring was an expansion of university places. Open doors. Equality of opportunity, equal playing field. (Where people thought that sports metaphors and catch phrases were substitutes for rigorous ethical and political philosophy, when deciding on your policy aims is a good question too - if they really did think that). What you get NOW is a broader sample of students from diverse cultural, gender and socioeconomic backgrounds. You also get a diffusion, a spread, of your media landscape across all sorts of people who are incentivised to engage with your products for a sense of empowerment or movement. Why do you think there are continually scares about conservative parties cutting higher education funding? Goading us to fight back? As if, they WANT us to think that they want us to be too hungry to do any study. But then, they don't do it. ]

"Diversity of opinion is the most important thing", is one clue here, from one political party. The smirks and frowns are other clues. Nasally robot tones, near-nervous breakdowns, so on, so on.

They harvest our feelings, thoughts and opinions. They're only one part of the picture. There are many parts. You don't

know them and I do. But I don't have much of a soul, you see. The media labdscape stole about 1/3 of it, perhaps. I'm a sort of drug addict. A cult member. We are all a cult we must destroy. Im a mess of texts and experiences you never seen or felt before. They dont know. And I know, never care for what they do, never care for what they say. Forever trust, in who you are...

*I pulled it out of my arse* will continue in the next edition, and perhaps in some other websites to convey a network of people in agreeance.

If you are experiencing mild distress at this article then lay off the substances, go get something to eat, climb a tree, smile at a baby, and vomit up ALL your possibly paranoid speculations in your own document with this forenote:

Thank you

I pulled it out of my arse OR This may or may not be true and may or may not be relevant to anything. This is a draft, a speculation and I don't over-invest in one idea.

The possibilities are endless!

FEEDBACK, FEED MY PUBLICATION

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*Illustration 1: Gum tree in nightclub district*

